

LITERARY WORONJ

EDITORIAL

The ACT and ANU, which are favored areas financially, educationally, and environmentally, are in many ways ideal places for literary talent to emerge. They are small enuf, yet close to the center of things, in touch with Australia's present and, even more important, its future.

They are, for their size, astonishingly well stocked with literary talent. Among well-known Australian poets, for instance, no less than seven — A.D. Hope, David Campbell, Rosemary Dobson, Geoff Page, Bob Brissenden, Dorothy Auchterlonie (Green), and T. Inglis Moore — are all residents, several of them closely associated with ANU; while Judith Wright is arriving next year to take up a fellowship at ANU; and among the younger poets Michael Dransfield (until his unfortunate death a few months ago) and Mark O'Connor have received Commonwealth Literary Fund fellowships.

One of the most important recent developments has been the emergence of a group of young writers who, recognizing the difficulty in receiving fair treatment from the established literary magazines of Melbourne and Sydney, have started a new quarterly magazine for poetry and short stories, Canberra Poetry, the second edition of which will be available on campus in a few weeks.

At the same time, especially if Canberra Poetry develops into one of Australia's established literary magazines, there will remain the need for a specifically ANU magazine in which beginning writers especially can be published. Jamie Griffin's Gentlefolk and other Creatures for which contributors supply their own choice of pieces without editorial interference (apart from a space limit) has fulfilled this function of late, and will doubtless have successors if it does not itself continue.

Whether there is a distinctive Canberra school of young writers may be debated, but there is certainly a great blossoming of talent, especially in poetry, where a great variety of styles are in evidence, from the lucid elegance of Graeme Jackson's recent work to the energetic impressionism of Alan Gould, and the more opaque but still powerful imagery of Nick Richardson, Michael Murphy, and others. And certainly it is a rare luxury to find a piece like Kevin Hart's parody of The Wasteland set in a purely local context.

This edition of Woronj aims to give those who are interested in appreciating good writing (and perhaps in producing it themselves) some idea of the range and quality of what is presently being written on campus.

Our selection inevitably concentrates upon poetry and short prose pieces: it cannot to justice do justice to novels (such as Graeme Jackson is currently producing), or to drama (and it's important to remember that even the simple review-script as written by Jon Stephens and others can be a masterpiece of art).

But still we feel the reader will find plenty to choose among here.

THE PROS AND CONS OF SPELLING REFORM

Why it is that today, when English shows signs of becoming the world's general lingua franca, there is still no sign of reform of its chaotic spelling, based primarily upon the pronunciation of two or three centuries ago?

It is not that there is anything intrinsically absurd or unthinkable about spelling reform. The Germans, Dutch, Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes, have all reformed their spelling in the last hundred years. Even the arrogant French regularly carry out minor if inadequate updates; and most European languages have long since recognized the need for a system of accents to distinguish the vowels.

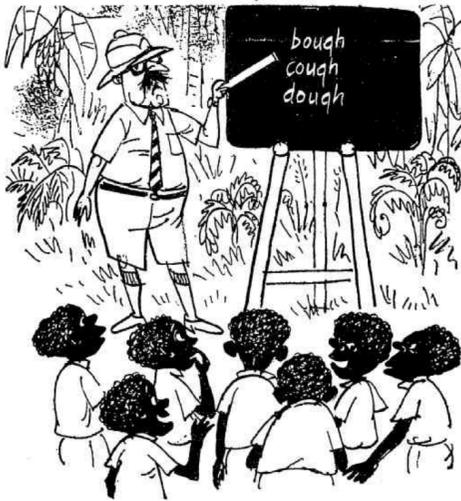
Why, then, are the English so perverse? It is not simply a matter of nationalistic arrogance — (if it were, that of a nation of Pompidou's would pale beside it) — tho the continued resistance to such simplified American spellings as *plow* and *airplane* certainly savors of it. But in any case it is not only foreiners who are inconvenienced.

Quite apart from the great obstacle present spelling presents to the spread of the English language — (how would you like to have to learn a language where one had to remember, for instance, that the plural of *wum'n*, spelled *woman*, is *wim'n*, spelled *women*) — is the great inconvenience and loss of time which it causes.

The real reason that English spelling remains unreformed is in fact much simpler. "Give me a child's mind until he is seven," Ignatius Loyola boasted, "and I will determine what he thinks for the rest of his life." The pedagogical advocates of unreformed spelling have control of the schoolchild's mind, unfortunately, for a great deal longer than that. It is no wonder, then, that every educated Anglo-Saxon assumes that there must be a dozen unassailable reasons (if only he could remember what they are) for not interfering with traditional spelling, and that they are all there in the bible somewhere.

This universal belief, that unreformed English spelling is entirely inevitable and desirable, is thus an example of that interesting scientific phenomenon, a generally-shared artificially-induced irrational conviction. It is also one that everyone can readily discover inside himself, for there are few of us, I suspect, who cannot remember reacting with contempt and ridicule on when they first heard the case put forward for fonetic spelling.

Supposedly radical temperaments are no exception. Belief that correct spelling is morally imperative is one of those grand primary assumptions (like that Having Children Is A Good Thing) which even the most defiant of anarchists rarely find the energy to question. Menya ragged-edged revolutionary tract is as

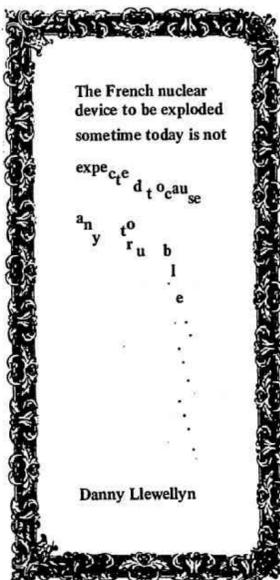


Learning white man's magic

It has been calculated that the average schoolchild has to spend about 400 extra hours upon spelling drill at school because of the chaotic nature of English spelling; while many adults, of course, are plagued by spelling problems all their lives. Among the fifty-million-odd schoolchildren in the English-speaking countries the time lost on spelling totals about ten million hours daily; and even this of course says nothing of the way in which such arbitrary rote-learning snubs and stifles a child's reasoning powers, and his creativity.

meticulously spelled as a Vice-Regal invitation.

But, assuming that such prejudices are removable, what can in fact be done? Undoubtedly the most interesting recent answer is that published as *Spelling Reform: A New Approach* (Alpha Books, Sydney) by Harry Lindgreen, a geometrician who has turned his excellent technical mind to the complex humanistic problem of designing a reformed spelling, and proposing a way to introduce it without undue cost, inconvenience, or dis-



Danny Llewellyn

ruption to people's reading habits.

Imagine that as a first step we simply reform the spelling of those words in which a distinct short *e* sound is always used, but some other vowel appears in the present spelling. The most common words affected would be: *eny*, *meny*, *sed*, and *insted*. In an average piece of prose only one word in about 150 would be affected. This would be Spelling Reform 1 (SR1).

A year later the same reform would be carried out with another vowel, and on eventually thru all five vowels, thus eliminating many of the most irrational of English spellings. Eventually, Lindgreen shows, this series of reforms would lead into an elegantly pre-planned fonetic system of spelling. To meet the common objection to the introduction of new letters and symbols, he shows that it is possible to devise such a spelling using only those we already have; but points out that once we have begun to adjust to the idea of changes in spelling we may eventually prefer a still more elegant system (*Fonetic B*) which does make use of accents.

Thus it becomes clear that the real problem is not the devising of a fonetic system or of steps by which to introduce it, but simply the business of persuading people to adopt it — presumably in part thru governmental influence, as with metrics and decimal currency.

However it seems to me that the prospects of immediate government action on spelling are slite, and for a reason which Mr Lindgreen omits to mention. The instinctive reaction of governments when pressured to take action on such matters is to appoint a preliminary committee of experts to enquire and make recommendations. But in this case, unfortunately, the most obvious group of experts, the academic teachers of English literature, tend to have vested interests on the conservative side.

However SR1 need not be postponed in favor of these other two, since all three may be used together (as they are in this article) without, even initially, causing the reader much trouble. I personally use the self-explanatory *-ough* and *ph* reforms all the time, but tend not to use SR1 in official correspondence or in short MSS submitted to editors.

cont. p 2.



Spelling Reform cont.

Of course, what is needed next, once private individuals begin using these reforms, is their incorporation into the editorial policy of magazines and newspapers. The quarterly magazine, *Canberra Poetry*, for instance, has recently adopted an editorial policy of using all three of the above reforms. In future, contributors who do not wish their work to be altered to the reformed spelling have been asked to mention this on their MSS. Such a trend, if it does become established among creative writers, must in time spread to the rest of the community.

How fast the cause of spelling reform moves in the next decade or so will depend, I suspect, upon the number of other important reforming causes it has to compete with. Infuriating the present English spelling is, its reform is even so not really one of the burning (or bleeding) issues of the day. But still, it is quite an important one; it is one on which the issues are for once nicely clear-cut; and it is one about which everybody really can do something.

This is inevitable because the literary courses which they teach in the universities, and in which they specialize, are so heavily weighted towards the past. Within the academic system surprisingly little twentieth-century literature is taught. So-called "modern English" generally includes older English literature right back to Shakespeare; "Middle English" means in fact medieval pre-English; and "old-English" means the pre-conquest Anglo-Saxon language. The "well-balanced" bachelor honours course includes a blend of all three "Englishes."

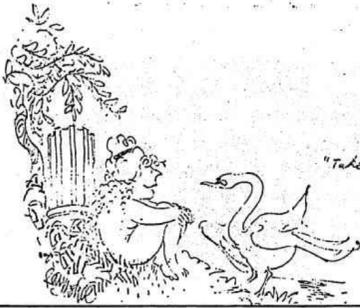
Naturally, academics coming from this environment are unlikely to be much attracted to fonetic reforms, since these must inevitably reveal the huge difference (which present spelling largely conceals) between contemporary and older, supposedly "modern", English. Of course attitudes are already changing; and no doubt we shall eventually see conferences of English professors all over the world calling upon Governments to introduce enlightened spelling reforms. But it will not be next year!

Meanwhile, what can individuals do? The answer is obvious: start a trend. Choose some simple reform, too small to terrify the hypersensitive but elegant enough to appeal. Lindgreen's suggestion is that we should all practice SR1 wherever possible; and he concludes with an appeal to everyone who favors spelling reform to *GET IT GOING*.

But important too it is that we should all agree on that vital first step which is to break down the prejudice against reforms, we are not sure that SR1 (reform of the short e sound) is the best choice. True, it has the advantage of being simple and elegant. There is no difficulty in using it in personal letters; and it is a good first choice for any official program.

But the problem is that much of what we write has to pass the scrutiny of others, including those who may not see the case for spelling reform. The use of the e in words like *ery, meny, redy*, etc has the disadvantage under these circumstances that it may be mistaken for a misprint, or (even more annoyingly) a spelling mistake! Moreover, because there is no saving in space or streamlining involved, the new spelling can be defended to an enquirer only by a full explanation of the reasons for spelling reform. Because of the enormously deep-ingrained prejudice in the community against "incorrect" spellings, this can be a tedious bizness.

More satisfactory on these and on grounds of 'style', and more likely to start a trend, seems to me the reform of most of the *-ough* words to such forms as *thru, tho, altho, enuf, cof, bort*, etc. Who but a self-confessed pedant could object to such obvious and elegant improvements? A further possibility is the streamlining of the cumbersome *ph* spellings as in Italian, to simple *f*, giving us such words as *filosofy, filology*, and (appropriately *enuf*) *fonetic*.



ON CREATIVE WRITING

Writing is a highly individual business, about which it is difficult to be either concise or dogmatic; for brevity's sake the following remarks are made in dogmatic epigrammatic form.

Anyone can take pleasure in writing, even if only for him/herself and a few close friends; but the dedicated creative writer is a highly committed person.

His first pre-requisite is an interesting and original mind; second, skill with words; third, a critical sense that tells him what will & won't work, will or will not communicate to other minds.

His basic needs from others are, firstly encouragement from a society that places value on his art, and secondly money. The new nationalism and the new Commonwealth Literature Board scheme both augur well for Australian writing.

He must have something worthwhile to say! — novel, yet essentially sane, material or sensibility. There are no rules for finding it — the process is generally at least half involuntary. He will be guided in his search by a strong inner discipline (mistaken by others for arrogance or dilettantism) which enables him to pluck out the significant, the vivid and the unusual from everyday conversations and experiences, from studies, & media.

Sometimes the desire to write precedes the accumulation of such original material or sensibility. Writers, like wrist spinners, tend to be a slow-maturing lot. Many first suffer a sort of alienated 'ugly duckling' phase, unable to come to terms with conventional values and presumptions (either radical or conservative); but not all 'ugly ducklings' develop into writers. (Some make excellent businessmen).

Academic and clerical jobs are dangerous to intending writers — they may tap off related energies at other levels. Teaching is exhausting. More than one or two years tertiary study of Eng. Lit. is dangerous.

Contrary to popular belief, writing is quite arduous work. Poetry, because of the shortness of individual poems, is

probably the only form that can be satisfactorily practiced part-time. Note that Australian universities contain several full-time lecturers who are excellent poets, very few who write plays or novels.

Again there are no rules on style or subject-matter. There is a long-overdue move now towards exploiting the rich Australian vernacular (Buzo, Hibberd, Williamson, etc); but there is also a growing awareness that nationalism will soon be *passé*. Surrealism and drug-influenced imagism are still popular at least in verse; but precise scientific knowledge and acute logistical thinking are today more indispensable than ever. We need to *save the Earth* before indulging in any more *Finnegans Wake's*. An ounce of practical birthcontrol on most parts of the globe is worth an ocean of psychological metaphysics. Classical radical formulation: "There is no more absentee poetry."

But especially in poetry an initial potent obscurity may be part of normal development. The muse, like wine, may start in a heady ferment, but go clear as it matures. Or it may not. Yet communication remains the name of the game. Certainly there are McLuhanish possibilities, not yet sufficiently explored, in concrete poetry (the arrangement of words and letters into significant shapes on the page), and also in the conjunction of words (either clear, or obscurely evocative) with music (Dylan, Cohen, Moodie Blues, Jethro Tull, etc., etc.).

For poets today there are no mandatory rules on verse-form: all metres, and indeed (where the resulting flexibility compensates) all lack of metre are permissible *provided they work*.

The only absolute rule, whether in prose or verse, is to say something interesting, something new, something important, and to say it memorably and well.

Mark O'Connor et al

WRITING NEWS

1. POETRY WORKSHOPS open to anyone in Canberra interested in having their work discussed anonymously & commented upon by other poets, or simply in talking about the craft of poetry, are held upstairs in the ANU staff center at 8pm each Monday of term. John Paisley, a councillor of the Poetry Society of Australia, which publishes *New Poetry* is the organizer.

2. Contributions of poems or short stories to *Canberra Poetry* are welcome any time from Canberra or interstate writers. Send to *Canberra Poetry*, c/o ANU Poetry Society, Students Association Office, ANU. MSS cannot normally be returned. Send a carbon or fotocopy, & keep the original.

3. We congratulate Mark O'Connor on recently winning Australia's best-known poetry prize, the *Poetry Australia* award which is donated every two years by Farmers Ltd. This is only the third time that this international competition for the best single poem submitted has been won by an Australia.

4. Alan Gould who has been active in the Poetry Society and on the editorial board of *Canberra Poetry*, and is at present in Europe, will be back on campus next year.

5. ANU Theatre Group has instituted an annual playwriting competition worth 50 dollars for "an original play suitable to be performed by Theatre Group." Entries close at the end of first term vacation, and Theatre Group has the right to first performance of the winning play.

SPELLING (Manifesto, Note, or ?)

Readers may notice that in this *Woroni*, as in the forthcoming *Canberra Poetry*, certain spelling reforms have been introduced. (See Spelling Reform article within, p. 1). We have introduced these three reforms not out of perversity but in the belief that creative writers and editors of student papers should do something to start a trend away from the ugly outdated chaos into which unreformed English spelling has fallen.

We invite readers to verify for themselves that these new spellings, while more elegant than those they replace, cause no real difficulty, even initially, in reading; and we recommend our three reforms to future editors as simple and easy to introduce

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John Levingston,
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the waste lectures

From The Waste Lectures

Part One...The Burial of the Students

English is the cruellest subject, bringing
Hardy back from the dead, mixing
Poetry with verbiage, stirring
Dull words with bad jokes.
Donaldson kept us interested, filling
The hour with a thought or two, feeding
Lectures with a little drama.
Brissenden surprised us, coming into the Tank
With a smiling face; after, he stopped at the door,
And walked down by the Annexe, past the Union,
And drank coffee, after talking for an hour.
I did my doctorate at Oxford: "Aspects of Nonsense in Auden".
And when we were first-years, staying in Garran,
My friend, he took me to a tutorial,
And I was nervous. He said Marie,
Marie, bring your Faber. And in we went.
After the tutorial, then you feel free.
I drink most of the night, and speed-read in the day.

What are these metaphors that clutch, what rhythms grow
Out of this rhyming doggerel? Hope Hewitt,
You cannot write, or guess, for you know only
A heap of clichéd images, where the iambs beat,
And the language gives no insight, the rhyme no relief,
And the topics no inspiration. Only
They can get published in "The Canberra Times",
(Come here and read the poems in "The Canberra Times"),
And I will show you something different from either
The verse you learnt at the High School behind you
Or the Thomas that sits high on your bookshelf;
I will show you sludge in a handful of couplets.

*Stale blows the wind
Out from the Tank
My English lectures
Leave me blank.*

"You set me an essay a month ago;
You said it was to be handed in by Monday 9a.m."
— Yet when I got it back, late, from the Secretary,
My arms full of books, after seeing the mark, I could not
Speak, the comment said my writing was neither
Incisive nor relevant, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the verse of Hope, the blankness.
Dry and empty the lectures.

Miriam Benn, novel lecturer,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to have the best accent in the Department
With a wicked course of lectures. Here, she said,
Is the novel, written by a half-drowned Polish sailor.
(They are characters that were his friends. Look!)



Here is James Joyce, the novelist of Dublin,
The author of "A Portrait".
Here is Lawrence with three novels, and this imagery
Which is sexual, is something he writes about often
Which the Department forbids me to explain. I do not find
Any good essays. Fear exams in November.
I see crowds of students walking around dazed.
Thank you. If you see dear Mrs Bettie,
Tell her I take the tutorials myself;
One must be so careful these days.

Unreal course,
Under the verbal fog of an English lecture,
A crowd flowed over to the Tank, so many,
I had not thought that boredom had undone so many.
Notes, short and infrequent, were written
And each one fixed his eyes upon his book.
Trudged up from Garran Hall and down Haydon-Allen,
To where Fred Langland kept us bored
With a dead sound on the opening of his mouth.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Cullum!
'You who gave us those Eliot lectures last month!
'That nonsense you filled us with last term,
'Has it made any sense yet? Will you use it next year?
'Or have our stifled yawns disturbed your mind?
'O keep Robbins far hence, that's friend to Auden,
'Or with his mumbling he'll dig him up again!
'You! hypocrite lecturers! — my essays, — my marks!"

Kevin Hart

why god makes small black clouds

it was raining. grey mouse peeped out
of his friend's cozy hole and smiled at the
thought of scurrying home. he liked rain.
it gave him a soft feeling inside, thousands
of falling drops puddering lightly or
loudly on bowing leaves and the dark
breast-like earth, washing all. he would
go now.

jumping out he immediately found
himself surrounded by pliant blades of
grass, taller than himself. they obstructed
his mouse-view of the few feet distant
plants waving wildly in the wind. he
moved, felt his fur brushing against grass
as he shuffled passed and the wetness of
each blade wiping onto him, sleekening.
soon even the sides of his small pointed
nose and his ears were sleek. he felt his
forewards backwards feet splishing in
the wet dirt, squelching out unseen bubbles
of air from under fallen grass. splish-
ing. squelching. they were happy sounds
accompanying his strong set scurrying.

he passed through the high grass and
came out onto a concrete path flowing
thinly with rain carrying tiny particles of
dirt, small twigs and leaves, spinning round
and round, whirling off the edge and lod-
ging there. it was a new texture under
his feet. not the soaking curves of the
earth but a solid straighter surface
making splishier sounds. he felt safer
with the earth. he seemed exposed some-
how on the path so he slipped down into
the dip between the grass and the blue
stone and made his way along there, flick-
ing up mud round his pattering feet.

the wind was blowing stronger. even
for him so low on the ground its force
slowed his pace. he thought of wind as
much greater than him, part of the world
of rain and giant trees living in the sky.

home was directly to his right now, he
had to cross the concrete path. brave the

wild he thought comically as he turned
his body that way. he set out with the
wind blowing stronger and stronger and
stronger and the rain pelting down.

when he was half way across wind
seemed to let out all its force and blew
as hard as he had ever felt it before and
the rain pummelled him down. he could
not move. he stayed crouched, shiny
pointed head tucked into his chest, he
quivered with awe at the forces around
him.

soon they had passed. he was able to
stand again and move. the remaining rain
and wind after the onslaught of blows
plished around him, becoming softer
and softer as, in the land of hills, silver
light pushed through the swift bluegrey-
greengrey clouds, parting and showing
stomachs of sky shining white.

the water stream over the path had
deepened delivering the grounded deluge

to lower lands. his legs pushed determined-
ly through the flow while loose blades of
grass and twigs & leaves bumped against
him then slipped passed. he noticed too
when a stiff black beetle bumped into his
back near his tail then flowed on.

when he reached his hole the drops had
stopped, except for the ones lingering
behind on the wet-dark branches and
slippery greenery they fell, lopp lopp,
soaked up by the earth. he was about
to go in when he turned right round and
looked again as if somebody had called
him and, very close in the sky, way way
in front of the other moving mass, was a
small black cloud, floating on the sky-
blown wind.

jo-anne scott

WHAT HAPPENED AT NIMBIN -
A Journalistic Poem.

by Mark O'Connor

1. THE SCENE: Spectacular Valley
Setting for University Arts Festival.

High stand the hills and the hollows are
deep
Worn down by millennia, deep-soiled
and dry.

The sun is bright, sky blue, creek is cold
(makes you gasp)
But a pleasure at midday.

Dawn is the hot sun floating up over an
ocean of mist
And a hundred magpies piping fit to
burst a gut

More deluded than cocks that they cause
the morning
(By the way, what does?). Then the sun
strengthens

Until great grey tree-shapes float up out
of the mist,
And giant bamboo frameworks strung
between trees

Like the skeletons of half-built boats.

Above the lake of mist the white/black
currawongs silently
Float from tree-tip to tree-tip, heads turned
on side

Serrated wingtips stiffly extended as they
plane.

Morning finds every grassblade thickly
jewelled in dew
Which the passionate sun drinks up for
love, returning

The thick wet grass to sunny romping hay.

Giant bluffs of stone command
The entrance to the valley.
Presiding over those sacred grounds
Where first the aborigines, and then
By successive generations of farmers
The trees were murdered.

Somewhere below the soft pasture
Are the lost aboriginal cemeteries
Of forebears inaccessible now
To their Redfern descendants.

Everywhere above are the vast boles
And gaunt skeletons of ringbarked trees.
From the hills one still hears shots at dawn.

Yet the dominant mood is softer. Here
Nature in her yet unexhausted strength
Tolerates our promising crimes without
revenge

As a mother suffers the toddler to pummel
her breast.

Here in a secluded valley
Shielded from the cold Westerlies of
winter
Heated each day by the strong sun, and
quilted

At nite in a fiery fleece of cloud
Were fields ankle deep in straw
Crying out to be thatched
Into a thousand new designs.

Beneath the mighty stone monoliths on
the valley walls,
That frowned down when the aborigines
were initiated

Into their tribal puberty, and later into
the white man's
Way of convenient extinction,
Suddenly and silently we knew
That the old Australia must surely be
dead

And that it's children were dancing
At its funeral
In a festival of birth.

At the nodal points of history—
Those places where the presuppositions
change—
Existence seems quiet.

In quiet Caesar planned his course
To the crown.
In the lucid hours of night
Wrung from Lucasta's unquiet demands
Lucretius first martialed his atoms
Sketching novel words in the silent wax.

Amid a leasurely pattern of musings
Regular as daily meals at the Captain's
table
Young Darwin surmised that he was
either mad
Or the first man possessed of nature's
secret,
Doomed to insanity or a lifetime's
labor of proof.

Here too existence is quiet, and feet
tramp in vain
Over the sun-warmed, hay-hushed lush-
grassed fields.

The sky is so blue. Does anyone really
remember
When they read the words on paper
How blue the sky really is?

Yet, as the stupendous castleships, each
more towering than the last,
The giant white peripatetic cloud towers
of Babel
Passed across the incredible blue over the
valley

The town still blinked its eyes and denied
That such Farawaytree worlds could exist.

But down by the creek was a new city of
a thousand dwellings
Home to a strange people who eat no
flesh, hate no life,
Six thousand people and not a shred of
garbage,
A nation without furnace or gunship, and
among them I saw
A naked barebrown mother
Lying spreadeagled in the sun
While the newborn crawled all over her
breast;
And in neither one atom of fear
For the sabretoothed tiger.

2. STRANGE SIGHTS AT AQUARIUS
FESTIVAL.

In the fields bare bodies
Brown or white
In every naked attitude
Of Grecian unconcern.

A slight blonde girl in plaits
Kneels outside her thatched shelter
Eating an apple in the morning sun.

The media-hounds of the wicked world
outside
Stalk past, more intent on news
Of drug busts or sanitary problems.
Good News Is No News.

Naked, immersed to the waist
A shaggy male and his strate-haired mate
Sit side by side in a deep field of hay
Tawny skin glistening in the sun, like lion
and lioness

Trapped in the wild by Disney's telescopic
lens.

Brown, white and horned
The great broad-faced cattle with their
unpredictable eyes
Wound down to the cold creek at midday
And shat in the stream.

"No," sed the farmer, riding his horse
casually along the creek
By the alternativ society's huts, "I can't
say I'm offended.

And I know when you go you'll fill in
the holes, put the
Firestones back in the creek. Couppla
months the grass'll
Grow all over it, 'n it'll all be" (drawing
on his pipe)

Just a memory."

The hairy male and a downy smooth-
skinned bird
Seated side by side on the row of toilets
In full public view from the front
Somehow offend no one.

The nude swimmers are sunbathing by the
deep river pool
Sprawled out in peace on the thick kikuyu
between cowpats.

Come on, barked the city-bred cocker-
spaniel
To the labrador bitch. Let's go for a chase
thru the tents,
Never mind the humans, there's mor space
out here

Than ever we dreamed was possible. And
after we've tree'd all the cats
There's a mob of heifers needs chasing
Up the other end of the paddock.

In the town
Freaks choke the street
Sitting or standing on the road,
Dressed in the shapeless scraggy dresses
Which the beautiful people affect;
The whole scene: incense, bells,
Gowns, chants, and rituals,
All so faithfully copied
Out of the heat and dust and nausea of
India.

Did you ever think what a lovely sun-
umbrella
A yellow parachute could make?

Here a thatched hut, and a sign:
*The Jesus Tribe. Drop In.
Houses. Freedom. New World.*

Here the psychedelic funbus with its slogan:
*Vote 1. Leon (Happy Birthday Party)
2. Egmont Picklepus.*

And here the proudly-daubed trans-
Nullabor bus
("The Sore-ass Special"), all its tragedies
From Northam to Adelaide entered
In black paint on its side, plus:
*Fighting for peace is like fucking for
virginity. Don't pass,
Push. If you can read this you're too
close, and too fast. Smoke
More Dope. Softlick B., Nimbin or Bust.
The view expressed hereon
Are not necessarily those of those herein.
East Perth for Premiers.*

†Thank God some values remain.†

3. THE FIRST EVENING

After the rockband had endlessly
reiterated
Their message of thundering orgasm, The
White Company played
In soft melodic undertones their story
Thick and eternal as the grassy mat
(It seemed) on which the audience sat.

Windows hold posters
Of a sepia-tinted pioneer astride a hill
Composed of a thousand mushrooms.
(Blow your mind, Henry Lawson).
And a sign:
*SO YOU'RE A NATURALIST
BUT YOU CAN'T LIKE RATS THAT
MUCH.
PICK UP YOUR TRASH!
—NOT BY ORDER.*

Moons rising over dark gums prove
That sunset really happens in the country.
A naked surfie sprawls on the turf,
Balls to the sky. Could be a ded ringer
For the bronzed lounging shepherd lad
That set Diana's gonads a-tingle
So many moons ago.

The outdated narcs
Go by, full of purpose
Chasing the Arc.

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna,
Chanted the shaven-headed freaks under
the tree

All night long like frogs in a swamp,
And not one variation to the Io Dionysius
Of the Asian peril that overcame Greek
reason.

Hare Alcohol chanted the irreverent group,
Shouldering high their bibulous clown,
Whose notion of the alternativ society
Is drinking in a country pub, and who
plans

To be perhaps the nation's first dope-
pusher to die
Of good old alcoholic poisoning.

FEEL, said the Aquarian masseur.
Let my hands loosen and tingle every
part of your body.

Between the sexual and the clinical,
brother,
Is the realm of the sensual. Neither
compute now,
Nor articulate your computerizations.
Words are empty.
Only touch is real.

Every night
Tucked softly to sleep in our valley
Between the windgod with his kind
blanket of cloud
And the earth's thick natural mattress of
hay

We walked deeper and deeper into
Wonderland.
Are there such worlds and suns
Under the mushroom?

HOLD, said the musician,
I arrest your verbal mind
For treason to your body.
Do not try to work it out.
Do not presume to know.
Only listen, listen.
Hear the melody behind these words I
sing:

Longtime sunshine shine on you, on those
a-round you.
Let the pure light within you, guide your
way home.
Now. Listen, again, listen!
The light is not in the words, nor in
anything
Your cerebellum is trained to process.
Only listen, lie and listen.
Watch the tree bow and the rocks pulsate.
Never mind my tigers.

4. BIZARRE BUILDING DESIGNS FOR
TEMPORARY CITY

In the bole of a half-burnt hollow tree
With a natural door at its base
It only remained to patch the windows
with plastic,
And soften the floor with straw, lite the
lantern within,
Tune the flute. Badger and Mole would
have approved.

And here someone has built a tree-house
fresh from The Magic Pudding
In the big red box tree by the creek, where
the currawongs hold
Their morning cistiddford, with a bamboo
ladder going up to it,
And *We love you* white-lettered on the
side.

Silk parachutes spun out like spider webs
Hang roped between giant trees.
Some one has cut an Alice-in-Wonderland
tea-house
(With peaked roof and circular door-
holes) out of cardboard
And painted it with brite waterproof
lacquer.

A tall children's-house is going up by the
creek
With a slide for a front door
Leading up to the top story.

And there is every kind of structure
That a Dyak or an ancient Briton could
have contrived—
Thatched roofs and bamboo huts, and
things like inverted coracles
Or like humpies an old swagman might
have put up
With half a tent in his pack. Every
gleaning
Of scoutshop and disposal store: parachutes
Spread over whole trees, marquees, space
blankets,
Plastic shelters, ground-sheets pegged out
as V-tents;
And mor varieties than the mind will
afterwards remember
Of bamboo frames, laticed or tied
together
For parachutes or plastic to be strung
over;
And chickenwire entwined with thatch
To make a wall that's winter's match.

One tribe has a cluster of wigwams, another
Out on the hill has built with flexible
bamboo
A circular vaulted porch of clear plastic,
enclosing
A warm sunbathing courtyard of straw.
Another with fifty-foot lengths of bamboo
Has built on the hill a clear pleasure-dome
Of plastic, britely lit each night
With a fire inside, and people larfing and
talking
Like a Christmas scene in Dickens
Seen thru a lighted window
From a late and lonely London street.

Why were we ever so fooled by the thret
of weather
When there exist so meny dozen defences?

what happened at Nimbin

Even the proverbial beds of thatch and
thistledown
Appear, piled high in wooden humpies.

And everywhere
Those strange polygonal igloos
Subjects of such long debate,
Domes whose theory fascinates
(And leads to such vague ballyhoo),
Appear in groups, or one's and two's—
The dream of every half-stoned guru.

To prove we can both think and do,
The Geodesic Word is made bamboo.

5. HUNDREDS NUDE AT CULTURE/
FESTIVAL.

The problem with nudity is it's
So absolutely natural
That do it three days and you'll never
Be at home in your clothes again.

Four and twenty beautiful bodies
Baking in a Turkish Bath
(And not one erection among the males),
Everyone naked and massaging and soaping
up everyone else

Talking and laughing and gurgling with
pleasure
In between sing-a-long's
And then strolling outside still naked
Chatting and cooling off in the sun
(And did you really know there were so
many types
Of tits, so meny fashions of foreskin?)

It seems the parts people hide
Hav almost as much character as faces.
— Was this what all that lustful curiosity
was about?,
The eyes endlessly following stocking
lines up past the hem-veil
In search of the unimaginable crutch,
A la recherche du crutche perdue?

Just the desire to know people better?
If nudity had been allowed
Hollywood could hardly have started:
Impossible to disguise now
That a 40" bust, though promoted to the
stars,
Is just two bouncing bundles of flab
Cruelly hung round a female's neck.

What did the chorus in the Turkish Bath
cry?:
"Ah water! Rub harder! Lovely! Soap
here!
Water! Where's the soap. For God's sake
water!
Hell it's getting hot! Look how thick the
steam is!
It's not steam, it's B.O. (joke). Water!
Water!
WATER! WATER! WATER! WATER!
WATER!
— Look OUT, here comes the bucket.

No, not on me yet!
Over here!
Throw it!

wh-h-h-hh, it's cold!
Lovely, lovely!
I didn't get eny.

Where's the soap.
Mor water please! Get that
poor dog out of here.
Water! Oh Gawwd, have you two been
here since yesterday.
Mor Water!
Look out, here it comes again."

And what did the middle-aged strate guy
outside wear
(Or just possibly a plain-clothes D.),
Apart from an eyebeam tangled
In each new larfing mesh
Of sunny public hair?
He wore: Brown leathershoes and
longgrey socks and darkgreypermapress-
shorts
and a daring fawnshirtwithatie,
and a worried indecent frown
As tho he could neither join
not leave.

6. "PROLIFERATION OF WEIRD
CULTS AT NIMBIN"

"While those born under Sagittarius,
however..."
The rat-haired long-gowned girl cross-
legged
Leaning forward intently sucks
On every word of the astrologer's bullshit.
Literal belief! And in a superstition
That makes Hindu cow-worship seem sweet
reason.

"We have them all here: Krishna, Satguru
(With his patent-leather smile), Macrobio-
tics,
Flying saucers, all the twenty-seven
Fashionable Indian holy men, hip Christians
Buddhists, Mind Dynamics, and E.S.P.
There's so much competition
The Maharishi's mob at teaching
Transcendental meditation free.
Salvation at cut prices this week!
The alternative society must have it's
alternative myths
No doubt, but sometimes it seems we have
only created
A pantheon of superstitions that make
Christianity
Seem like a venial sin."

All week we have lazily watched
Breasts in every phase towards pendulous
ripeness

"Enuf of this rationalistic rubbish,"
breaks in an inner voice.
"Some people if you can only give them
the illusion of salvation
Are saved indeed. Let them nurish what
fantasies they need.
Only the insecure demand perpetual logic.

"That's all very well," says another,
But he who dabbles in superstition
Places one foot in quicksand for a joke,
Trusting the other stays firm.
This the sophisticated Romans found
Who after a fashionable puff at Isis and
Mithraic
Took a chance on the groovy superstition
of Christ
—And think what a bumper that turned
out to be!"

7. THE GREAT ON-GOING DOPE
DEBATE.

SMOKE MORE DOPE went the signs.
Dump that tiny hard precious self you
rent from Avis
And pilot around Woolworth's Super-
markets all day
In an agony of rear vision reverses.
Your means, Mr Straight, are sane and
logical
As the engineering of your new Monaro,
Your ends and motives purely mad.
Ours, we trust, the reverse.

"The 21st drug squad in their football
jumpers
Disguised as "hippies" are only a minor
pest,
A pimple on the underarm of love and
peace.
Every assembly, after all, attracts its
predators.
If there were a World Council of Doves
The Hawks would send an observer or two
And there'd be a few busts."

"All very fine and free my friend! And who,
Do you hope will pick up the psychiatric
bill
For a generation given to dope?"

"And who will pick up the universal bill
If the monstrous & aggressive regiment of
alcohol
Doesn't yield to grass and peace. Retreat
into peace.
Abandon the nuclear insanity, of the
nuclear family
And the nuclear pub!"

"More clever than true. And what does it
profit you
If you save the world and lose your own
sanity?"

"You can't lose your sanity in an insane
world;
You can only find it. He who would save
his mind
Must first lose it. Let's hope we succeed,
man,
Or Earth's ratshit."

"Perhaps. But such promis of achievement
wasted;
Time lost to studies and work."

"Well lost, too. If Coleridge had been
Diligently studying the worn-out issues
of the past
Instead of blowing his mind on dope and
reading travel books,
He'd never have written Kubla Khan."

"Or alternately, he might have finished it.
And how many Coleridges do you see here?"

"The odd Orpheus perhaps. And a lot of
happy people."

"And some unhappy ones." "Of course."
In overloud campfire debate between
younge dope-suppliers
The ugly mention of Mafia threts
Floats indiscretely out on the late nite air.
And Doomsday draws one day nearer.

8. BAD VIBES.

Who's the man that invented ringbarking?
I'd like to shake his throat.

9. FESTIVAL DRAWS TO CLOSE

Was it a week ago we came?
Seven days that invented a world?
Each temporary path and propped-up
wood-plank bridge
Now mortared into a firm pattern of
habits,
Almost archetypal. Already the air itself
hums
A kind of satisfied New World final
movement
Stirring languorously towards a close.

This weekend to redeem the venture
moneynwise
We invite in the strate people:
Only a dollar a head!
Come to the Aquarian Zoo!
Come and see the naked people
Who don't mind being watched!
— What a cool way to make money!

Buoyed up in the creek or bouncing
brown in the sun,
Seen in fact every possible variety
Of dress and undress,
Tho for seven days
Never a bra in sight.

The strate families come of course
Stick strately to the regular paths
As they stroll or push prams
Thru the paddocks, with the expression
Of visitors to a lion park. They all, tho
they'd never
Admit it, have a wow of a time, and their
children,
though they never guess it,
Are converted at once.

The naked girl in a morningsunny spot
under a tree
Is doing her yoga exercises, back-bends
and forward,
Oblivious to people all around, and to the
message
Of her taut proffered haunches.

— A moral here, which the middle-aged
paying spectators
In their walkshorts and socks and censorious
undervoiced
Comments, with matching *All very well
if only but's*,
Cannot fail to resist. Innocence is only
possible
When sex is so simply available
That it holds no compulsion. No Eden
Without the pill. Ban sex, and you ban the
body.
Ban the body, and you bite the soul.
This Blake knew even in days
When the penalty for sanity
Was continuous childbirth.

We have lasted seven day-cycles without
power or petrol
Without fridge, T.V. or Hoover,
And have proved that clothes ar a necessity
by night
But an injustice by day.
Time now to leave this permanent city of
the mind
Whose structures will be dismantled next
week.
Back to the Car. Take the Last Look,
While nostalgia swells with gratitude.
Our thanks spring out
To the minds that conceived this possibility
When it slept in our unconsciousness;
And to those musicians everywhere
Whose invisible notes
Tumbled all day from tent and tree, —
Drums and flutes echoing
Across creeks and paddocks,
Like a host of electronic dryads, —
Setting, half-noticed, the pace of our hearts
Thru that week and mor.

10. FESTIVAL SITE REVISITED

The lifting mist reveals
Two white ducks and their golden ducklings
Adrift on a world of wet lawn, serene
As if foxes had never been invented.

The small wrens and flycatchers are back in
force.
They were pretty cool while we were
around.

Only a few tents still stand. The lease
expires today.
Now horses graze again in our paddocks
Stamping their feet impatiently at the
remaining dogs.

The town has re-surfaced, raising its
profile.
Were there really so many bildings around?
Eyes skim over new empty paddocks
To the prominent bowling-green and
school.
Was the distance really so short and simple
Thru the once-crowded fields?
Was this quiet anonymous creek-front
The city of a thousand tents?
Were we really so much under the eyes
Of the kind farmers, perched on their
hill-top houses?

One might be pardoned for doubting;
The befor and after states rush so close
together,
As tho the Byron and Aeneas had visited
Rome's past
And future sites in a single fortnight,
And the city, built in a day,
Was occupied only a week.

Here, in this semi-circle of grassy hill,
Was the Ampitheatre we visited so often;
And over here where currawongs and
mudlarks brawl
Just ten days back the throng heard
Webster bawl.
It makes little difference, perhaps:
You don't need a thousand like souls,
To be at peace with nature.

The Min-Bin pole is now a Has-bin.
Topped on the turf it waits the pick-up
truck.

Giant bamboo poles lie stacked on the
ground,
Bound for some Queensland commune.

Six thousand people were here.
Not a shred of garbage
Remains.

11. STUDENT FESTIVAL LOSES
MONEY

So what, my friend, so what?
Mark O'Connor. June 1973

guitar songs

JEW'S-HARP MICHAEL MANDOLIN

I
Jews harp michael mandolin is a
wanderer you see
If we meet him in our travels he might
teach us how to see

He's waded the streams and travelled
the roads from where we all begin
Knows the breath of Autumn and
where the summers been

Has it on good authority there's no
original sin
Wears his clothing when it's cold and not
to hide his skin

He knows the land of middle earth and
reads the elvin tongue
At the shoulder of every prophet
whispered we all are one

The goddess of the poets dream has given
him her hand
They've often danced the world away
with the spherical music band

II
But he's often in the city hanging round
the bars
In the eyes of every crying drunk who's
reached out for the stars

In the eyes of the so-called problem child
who can't fit into school
In the eyes of every lonely one or lost
romantic fool

In the sound of the weary street-singer
crying out for peace
Behind the roaring freeway-song that
offers no release

In the sound of the crying baby in the
fatherless nursing-home
In the strength of the unmarried mother
who carries on alone

III
He's the one who saw it all begin, the one
who'll see it end
The one who'll scare the owners, who'll
make the banker bend

If we stop and look around us now it might
even come to be
That jew's-harp michael mandolin will
meet up with you and me

SONG FOR CALAMITY-JANE

When the sun shines past your window
and its early morning yet
And your eyes begin to open
you're still lying in your bed
You thought you heard a clatter
it could have been a dream
Calamity-jane was galloping past
for she isn't what she seems.

You rode her all day yesterday
til you both were feeling slow
She got you home quite safely
she knew exactly where to go
Then you took the bridle off her
and told her she was good
She winked at you in such a way
you knew she understood.

After you had gone to sleep
she galloped down the road
To go to distant places
that no-one else can know
She's the queen of horses
and every night she flies
To sit beside the stallion king
on a throne up in the sky.

They both wear crowns of shining gold
and talk together all night
They can tell all the other horses
what is wrong and what is right
Now all the horses in the world
know what to do today
And calamity-jane comes galloping home
to stay with you all day.

Someone like You

You know there are among us
those who say you are too free
but you never once stole from us
as you wondered how to be

You came to us one morning
before the war began
stayed long into the evening
and listened while we sang

When the dawn came creeping down
your eyes were still as clear
later at the station
I watched you disappear

And now you gather roses
in handfuls one by one
and your eye now gently closes
as you hold them to the sun

I believe there were among us
those who said you were too free
but you never once stole from us
as you wondered how to be



15½ miles in 3 days

I beat up little old ladies when I'm walking
through your town
I throw children in the river and leave
them there to drown
I'm the guy who beats up truckies and I'll
do it all again
So aren't you glad you left me standing
in the rain?

It's a gun that I carry although it looks
like a guitar
If you stop to pick me up I'll try to steal
you car
I only wash at christmas and then its in a
drain
So aren't you glad you left me standing
in the rain?

You know I grow my hair long so I can
cut it for a disguise
And I'll seduce your girl-freind by telling
exciting lies
If I wasn't plotting evil I'd travel on a
train
So aren't you glad you left me standing in
the rain?

SINCE THE WHEEL

Working here for twenty years
tying knots in string
Greatful for the moral strength
and the money work can bring
Yes it does get boring
and yes it gets me down
But industry like any circus
badly needs its clowns -
-and it must be the greatest
invention
since the wheel.

Stunned by the tv screen
becoming more confused
Don't know how to turn it off
or who I should abuse
It's sold me so much worthlessness
more than I can reveal
So let my advertising agent
tell you how I feel-
-it must be the greatest invention
since the wheel.

Lying on the roadway
beaten, paralysed, almost dead
Flattened out by fourteen cars
that dragged him from his bed
Back and forth across him
dancing a kind of reel
When we finally rescued him
he said of the automobile
-it must be the grea test invention
since the wheel.

SONG FOR GRAEME

Car wheels and crooked deals
roll along the night
You feel just a little unreal
standing by the streetlight

All your freinds around have followed you
down
down to the corner to laugh
Above your frown you're a party clown
they bring when the road gets rough

You can't deceive yourself to believe
your laughing so free and wild
There's nothing to receive and you want
to leave
this battleground of smiles .

Car wheels and crooked deals
roll along the night
You feel just a little unreal
standing by the streetlight

AUDIENCE

I go to all the movies and I watch a lot of
tv
I read all the newspapers I know what's
happening about me

Yes I've studied my shakespeare and the
poems of extra pound
I've read all the words of tolstoy you could
say I've been around

If you asked me about picasso I could tell
you quite a lot
No expert on the impressionists knows
more than I've forgot

I'm a knowledgable student of other
peoples dreams
Yes I'm a perpetual audience for all their
ways and means

But sometimes I get lonely and sometimes
I get tired
And ts eliot's troubles aren't exactly mine

But it's very hard to find someone to
listen to your blues
When they aren't told in a memorable way
or don't quite count as news

I'm sure the things that get me down are
doing bad things for my head
Just as bad as the things that happen to the
people that I've read

It's wonderful that they create it's
marvellous to see
But with all the avenues open to them
how about one for me ?

by Jamie Griffin

OFF PLENTY ROAD (BRIEFLY)

Jill's back. She's in A Ward. Police
brought her in early this morning. Anne
heard the nurses talking. The older women,
faded, some eyes fixed, nod silently in
the lunch queue. They all come back.

l a r g a c t i l

tryptonyl valium
valium chloral
mogadon mogadon
chloral valium
valium largactil

largactillargactil

50mg 500mg
36 females
36 males
Dr Mahon's
baby.

Pies. It's Tuesday. Chairs are pushed
back, the women on kitchen duty sit down
last. Sylvie is still curled on a chair in the
lounge room. She's 65. Sleeps like a
foetus. All day. Synthetic sleep. Mous-
tached Esther, at the next table, swallows
her serve in four. Spills some. Another
gravy streak down her huge boobs. She
doesn't wear her white hat today.

Anne, Helen, Sue, Leigh and I are quiet.
Thinking. Jill who left last week, still
with the big scar across her left wrist.
Angry scars, hurt scars take a long time to
heal. Back in A Ward. The locked ward,
admitting ward, safety ward,,,,,, punish-
ment ward? ECT, there, every morning
before breakfast. Hospital stench. Lights
out 9pm.

Jill's 18, she doesn't know where her
mother is and she left her alcoholic father
three years ago. Hunched now on the
bench near the door to A Ward.

The thick set male nurse grudgingly
admits us. "10 MINUTES" The heavy
door bangs behind us. Is locked behind us.

"I was in a phone box- called Life
Line. I didn't want to do it again. The
woman told me to go home. I started
smashing the glass and the police came.

"Section 41 this time. Signed myself
in.

"The bastards told me there were no
spare beds. Locked me in an 8 by 8-
no furniture not even a mattress, just two
blankets. It's worse than a fucking jail.
Sure I'd been drinking- but!

"Had an interview this morning..said
they'd transfer me back to F 4."
(F 4 is a short term ward. Six weeks
to three months is the average stay)
Helen's been here nine months, Leigh
six. Files are re-opened every day.
(Sickness benefits? Sure. See the
welfare officer. Takes six weeks to come
through.)

Stiff if you smoke. No money. "You
got a fag luv?" Six weeks.
Leigh is talking now. "Richards and
Murphy have left- there's only Dr Carter
now for both wards. Lucky if you see her
once a week."

"I just want to get out of here".
A Ward is people. Men and women who
can't stop walking, talking, cursing, cry-
ing, screaming.

Anne knows, she was in for a week. Got
out the day before her 16th birthday, her
leg still in plaster after her jump from the
fourth floor of a general hospital. Anne
with nowhere to go.

She never did belong in that girls
reform centre, or here. No family. No-
where to go on the outside.

Hey you! Psychosis? Neurosis? Per-
sonality disorder?
"Labels. I don't like them," insists
the group therapist.

You don't believe him. Trust? Who?
In this place!

Ever had an administrative interview?
Licked the staff's arses just to stay in
F 4, the 'open' ward. Punishment for
getting pissed when you can't stand the
system anymore. Their system, that is.
Just ask Sue.

charlotte jochheim

7
POEMS



WHEN YOU WANT YOUR POETRY PUBLISHED...

Always send your ms typed double-space on one side of the paper only. Include your name on every page. Always include a S.A.E. Keep accompanying letters short. Don't send one poem to more than one editor at a time. As a rule, send maximum of five poems at any one time. Always try to study the magazine to which you are contributing before sending off material.

Southerly. Likes traditional forms, poems that are "literary" and look neat on the page. Deals mostly with recognised writers. \$20/poem. Prof. Wilkes, Dept. English, Uni. of Sydney, NSW, 2006.

Expression Australasia. Considers only those submissions sent by subscribers (\$4.50/6 issues). Tries to project a "family" atmosphere and thus will not publish any verse overtly concerned with sex or politics; prefers traditional topics. Will publish free verse. Sympathetic to young writers. \$1-4/poem. Box 755, GPO Adelaide, 5001.

Overland. Will publish free forms of poetry including most forms of experimental work. Has a slant towards the left, so likes political pieces. Does not like material that is self-consciously 'artistic' \$10/poem. GPO Box 98a Melbourne, 3001

Poetry Australia. Invites serious poetry which is distinctly professional in style. Tends to publish only a clique of writers so you may find trouble getting work recognised. Will publish longer poems. For this journal type name and address on reverse side of paper. \$8/page; \$10/page for first time in print. South Head Press, 350 Lyons Road, Five Dock, NSW 2046.

New Poetry. Similar to Poetry Australia but a little more democratic in selection of verse. \$7.50/poem. Box N110 Grosvenor Street PO, Sydney.

Westerly. Modern, short and original verse required. \$7/poem. Dept. English, Uni. of W.A., Nedlands, W.A. 6009.

Quadrant. Conservative right wing tastes in verse. Poetry must be overtly academic. Deals with established writers mostly. \$10/poem. Box C344, Clarence Street PO Sydney 2000

Makar. Likes good poetry of modern approach and expression but not radically experimental. \$3/poem. Dept. English, Uni. of Qld, Saint Lucia, Q. 4067.

Canberra Poetry. Prefers to publish several poems by the one poet rather than just one or two poems by many authors. Sympathetic to most styles and subjects. Poetry must be competent, original and interesting. No payment at the moment. ANU Poetry Society, SA Office, Union Building, ANU, Canberra, 2600.

Meanjin. Standard is very high. Verse must be imaginative and of high literary quality. Read a copy before submitting. Uni. of Melbourne, Parkville, Vic 3052

I wore a charcoal grey suit
my friends sed
'SQUARESVILLE
ESTABLISHMENT,
CONFORMIST!!'
and went round the corner
to buy a colored
do-it-yourself Thing kit
which they did themselves
in
shiny plastic
The white one is for nudists
The red one is for stirrers
The green one is for poets.

Jim Barr

Or Men?

Blind horsemen of Nicaragua
Chasing shadows thru straw
Infested jungles where lonely
Mice hide atop the perilous trees,
Shunned by the great ape who already
Stumbles on his newly won ground.
For such as this did Troy fall,
Achilles' shield told indeed no lie;
The fire spitting pilots have saved, have
saved—
Themselves.
Not the doves, trodden beneath still
hairy feet,
Nor the Church-infesting mice, stealing
the crumbs
Dropped from plastic tables.
The hungry cat is not away.

Anon.

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Letters to Editor

A Short Message To The Mothers & Fathers Of The Overcrowdedearth

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